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TERRA DEL FUEGO.

Terra Del Fuego, "the Land of Fire," as the Archipelago is called, lying south of the Straits of South America, is one of the most desolate and inhospitable corners of the earth's surface. How it derived its name, whether from volcanic eruption in the interior, or from the numerous fires which are lighted by the natives, is unknown, but to judge from all accounts the Land of Gale and Gloom would have been a more appropriate designation. The coast, as may be seen from our illustration, says the English paper from which the cut is taken, is exceedingly bare and rocky, with glaciers coming down to the water's edge, and is intersected by fjords and sounds, like the coasts of Norway. The interior, where it is not mountainous, contains huge dense forests, the ground being covered with plains of peat and decayed vegetation saturated with water. Vegetation grows rankly, and many flowers which need greenhouse care in England flourish, while humming birds may be seen sipping their sweets. The inhabitants are savages of a comparatively primitive and low type, but possessed of strong imitative faculty. They live in rudely-made huts, and subsist chiefly on shellfish. Their habits are far from cleanly, and their clothing mainly consists of skins of the guanaco, worn, unlike the Patagonians and a certain Brian O'Lynn, with the woolly side out. The navigation of the channels is now fairly safe, thanks to British surveys, and on one of the most prominent headlands is affixed the most unique post-office in the world—a simple box suspended by a chain, wherein every ship deposits letters for home, and takes the missives which may be found there to any port at which she may touch. The best account of Terra del Fuego was given by Darwin in his story of the cruise of the "Beagle" in 1834. Of the exit from the Straits to the Pacific, he writes: "The western coast generally consists of low, rounded, quite barren hills of granite and greenstone. Outside the main islands there are numberless scattered rocks, on which the long swell of open ocean incessantly rages. We passed out between the East and West Furies, and a little further northward there are so many breakers that the sea is called the Milky Way. One sight of such a coast is enough to make a landsman dream for a week about shipwreck, peril, and death."—Our views are from photographs by Diaz y Spencer, 88, Calle Compania, Santiago, Chili.

A HINT TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

Did you ever see boys or girls eat fast, slam doors, rush through a room, talk loud, swing their arms, shake their shoulders, bow as stiffly as if they were ramrods, or act as loose jointed as a jumping-jack, never offered older people a seat, make up faces, say careless things, and use bad grammar and slang? This is the kind of boys and girls that sometimes stand before a looking-glass, and wonder why they are not invited into society.

It is not the high summer alone that is God's. The winter also is his. And into his winter he comes to visit us. And all man's winters are his—the winter of our poverty, the winter of our sorrow, the winter of our unhappiness—even the "winter of our discontent."—*George Macdonald.*

GLACIER AT TAMAR BAY, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

NATIVES OF TERRA DEL FUEGO.

CAPE PILLAR, ENTRANCE TO THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN, FROM THE PACIFIC.

BEGINNING WITH THE CHUCKY.

"Exhort young men," never, under any circumstances, to get into debt. "Owe no man anything," says the Apostle; which does not mean that you are to pay all your debts, but that you are never to have any to pay. If you adopt the borrowing system, and begin to live on credit, all I have to say is, Pity on you! You have no right to any pleasure or comfort, for which you cannot pay cash down. Extravagance is a common epidemic of our times; and if you once get infected, you will not have your sorrows to seek in the future. I would rather wear moleskin, feeling that I owed no one a penny, than the best broadcloth, with a big bill lying in my desk unpaid. Never be ashamed of your limited means. Don't envy your fellow-clerk his finery; a silver watch keeps as good time as a gold one any day. Thomas Binney, preaching to young men, once told a story of a worthy Scotch couple, who somewhat sadly contrasted their son's mode of beginning life with their own.

"When we started life," said these honest souls, "we had hard work of it for a long time. We got on very slowly.

"At first, and for years, we kept to oatmeal porridge for supper. But, as things improved and prospered, we felt that we could venture on something else; so we had often a bit of cheese, and then a chop, and then at last we felt that we could afford a chucky (*i.e.*, a fowl).

"Our son Andrew has now got a shop, and a wife too. He is trying his hand both at business and housekeeping; but oh, sir, he has made an awful mistake!—he has begun with the chucky!"

Now, the little story may be droll; but I will pardon your laugh if you will take home the lesson.

Never spend more than you earn. Never spend all that you possess. Always leave some margin; you don't know what is before you. Be your wages ever so small, set apart a portion for the Lord's service. If, through a change of circumstances, any of you have to retrench a little, let the first reduction be in your amusements, the second in your dress, the third in your food, and the last in your contributions for religion and charity. Keep accurate accounts, and seek the blessing of God alike on all your losses, and on all your gains. "Live righteously."

After all, straightforwardness and conscientiousness meet with their reward, even in the present world: you will find the old adage still as true as ever:—"Honesty is the best policy."—*Rev. T. Davidson, D.D.*

GOOD INTENTIONS.

Fred Russell was exceedingly busy. He had only lived in the city three years, and was already known as a "rising young man." The only trouble seemed to be, he told himself, that he had no time for anything except his daily business.

He could not even write to his mother. For the last year, indeed, he had sent her an occasional, hurried note.

One night, having finished his work unusually early, he sat by the fire thinking about her, and it was "borne in upon him," as she herself would have said, to write her a long letter.

Just now there did seem to be an unoccupied hour for it, and he went to work with zeal. He described his mode of life at great length, inquired, with careful interest, about all the home affairs, and even tried to tell her at the end that he really loved her dearly, though he had seemed to neglect her of late.

"There," said he, when he had finished; "I don't believe I've been as soft on anybody since I was a boy; and here I register a vow that I'll write every week—as good letters, too, as I know how to concoct!"

When he came home from work the next night, he found a telegram awaiting him:

"Mother is sick. Come at once."

He hurried down to the quiet country village, and by the time he reached the desolate home, the message should have been changed to read, "Mother is dead."

Just as those words were uttered by his sobbing sister, he chanced to glance at the table, where lay his letter—unopened.

She would never read it. The dear eyes were not now to be brightened, nor the faithful heart cheered, by seeing, in those loving words, the record of his good intentions. It was too late.—*Youth's Companion.*

"HE THAT WALKETH UPRIGHTLY WALKETH SURELY."

"Jack," said one young man to another, as they seated themselves in the car on their way to the city early one Monday morning, "Jack, did you know Will Grey had joined the church?"

"Joined the church,—has he? Well, I am glad of it; I am sure of my money now, which I loaned him more than a year ago."

"You lent him money, too? Why, my good fellow, he has been drawing on me these last six months for innumerable 'quarters,' not to say anything of the five dollars I lent him to buy his last new beaver, but our chance is good now; let us watch him."

And sitting down they watched him there.

These were moral young men, who prided themselves on their correctness of deportment, and, above all, on their honesty. They always scrupulously returned to each other the small change they sometimes, of necessity, had to borrow, and they had no long accounts at their tailors waiting for settlement at the end of the quarter.

When they met the young man of whom they had spoken, they treated him with their usual cordiality, they knew well, because their mothers and their Bibles had taught them, that there was one thing lacking in the structure of their characters, but, like many others, they had made up their minds they "could be good," as they said, without religion. And thus they watched the young Christian, and twenty others watched him, too.

In the prayer-meeting his words were earnest, betokening sincerity and devotion, his appeals to his young friends to follow Christ fervid and touching. The minister and his elders rejoiced over this new helper in the meetings, and the membership of the church greeted him cordially.

Yes, they watched him; and when many months passed and there was no effort on his part to pay the indebtedness to his friends, not even an apology for the neglect, their faith in him staggered. They kept their own counsel and were patiently waiting. Young men are not often gossips, and they are jealous sometimes to a fault of the reputation of any member of the circle in which they move. There were others who talked; the livery-stable keeper whispered of a long standing account, saying, "Now he has joined the church, I hope he will pay up."

Some of these watchers went to prayer-meeting and there they watched him, too, and the dear Lord, as He glanced around upon the little company gathered in His name, was sorrowful and heavy-hearted that so promising a young disciple was unconsciously wounding Him in the house of His friends. We do not say this young man was insincere or hypocritical; we believe he was in earnest, and yet how defective was his religion without a keen moral sense of his obligation to make great efforts to free himself from debts which, in his thoughtless days, he had contracted, and how short-sighted to suppose such foibles would be overlooked by his neighbors or even his best friends.

Here, too, how much is faithful, Christian counsel needed in the first days of a Christian profession. Will not some true Christian friend talk to that young man! He needs more than pulpit teaching and exhortation; he needs kind, friendly words of warning and entreaty in this beginning of his Christian course, that he may not prove the stumbling block in the way of many a bright, promising young man who is looking wistfully toward the church.

Character, character, a good character is the basis of usefulness in the church as in the world; and uprightness in the dealings of man with his fellowman builds up the Christian Church in strength and stability, when it goes hand in hand with faith in Christ and is an outgrowth of the living principle of all true morality. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Mothers, teach your children honesty; teach them promptness in returning every borrowed article,—the little girl the needle, and the little boy the borrowed slate pencil, and to each other the borrowed pennies,—all when they promised. Said an honored bank president to his daughter, "In your relations with others at school or in society, return every borrowed thing punctually, even to a postage stamp, and always keep your engagements; regard your word passed as a sacred promise even in minor matters."

In my writing book at school I had this sentence: "There may be morality without religion, but no religion without morality.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TEACHING FACTS.

In one of our common schools I saw recently a method successfully used that might be used to advantage in our Sunday-Schools. Each day the teacher wrote upon the blackboard one or more facts which the scholars learned. The next day they were erased, and succeeded by others. Each day the scholars were questioned on the facts of the previous day, and at the end of the term they were in possession of a large amount of valuable information. Now, in the Sunday-School, where there is a blackboard, the superintendent might deal in the same way with Bible facts. For instance, he might write down these facts of biblical geography: The land of Canaan is at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea. It is about as large as the State of New Hampshire. Its largest river is the Jordan, which flows south. Its largest city is Jerusalem, situated in the southern part of the country,—and so on. Let the scholars read this in concert from the board, and, after it is erased, repeat it. Question them on it the next Sunday, and the next, and so on, adding each Sunday two or three facts of importance. Or, if there is no board in the school-room, the teacher might do the same for his class with small slips of paper. If faithfully followed, this would lead to a sensible increase in our knowledge of Bible history.—*S. S. Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMER 23.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF MOSES.—Deut. 33: 1-12.

COMMIT VERSES 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4: 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

DAILY READINGS.

M. Num. 21: 1-15.
T. Num. 22: 1-41.
W. Num. 24: 1-25.
Th. Num. 32: 1-33.
F. Deut. 32: 1-44.
Sa. Deut. 33: 1-29.
Su. Deut. 31: 1-12.

MOSES.—One hundred and twenty years old born near Zoan, in Egypt, B.C., 1571. Father, Amram; mother, Jochebed; of tribe of Levi. First 40 years in Egypt, next 40 in the wilderness of Arabia; married Zipporah; died on Mount Nebo, B.C., 1451.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—After our last lesson the Israelites soon left Kadesh for their last year's journey in the wilderness. They wished to go eastward just south of the Dead Sea, but the Edomites would not let them. They journeyed in a south-east direction to the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, then turned northward on the eastern side of the great valley called the Arabah; conquered the nations east of the Jordan, and settled down in the valley of the Jordan, opposite Jericho. It was now winter, toward the close of the 40th year since the Exodus.

INTRODUCTION.—Moses' time had come when he must die. Then in a series of three addresses during the 11th month, from the middle of January to the middle of February, he recounts to them the law. These addresses, with his song (chap. 32) and blessing the tribes, (chap. 33), make up the book of *Deuteronomy*, except the last chapter, in which some other inspired writer gives the account of Moses' death.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Nebo:* one of the largest mountains of the Moabite range east of the Jordan and Dead Sea. *The top* (or summit) *of Pisgah:* the highest peak of Nebo. *Gilead:* the fertile country east of the Jordan. *Dan:* an unknown city in Gilead. 2. *Naphtali:* the country west of the Sea of Galilee. *Ephraim and Manasseh:* the middle hill Western Sea—the Mediterranean. 3. *The south:* country of Palestine. *Utmost,* or farthest: i.e., the south country—the southern region of Palestine. 6. *Beth-peor:* the house or temple of Peor, a Moabite idol, on Mount Nebo. 9. *Moses had laid his hands upon him:* imparting authority and divine influences. (See Num. 27: 18-23.) *Hearkened unto him:* accepted him as their leader.

SUBJECT: THE CLOSING HOURS OF A NOBLE LIFE.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE STORY OF MOSES' LIFE.—When was Moses born? Where? Who were his parents? Relate the story of his childhood. Where was he trained in religion? Where in all the learning of the Egyptians? What great choice did he make when he was forty years old? Where did he spend the next forty years? Who was his wife? What was his life's work? How many years were spent in this? Name some of the leading events of his life.

II. HIS VISION OF THE PROMISED LAND (vs 1-4.)—Why could not Moses enter the promised land? What special mercy was granted him at the close of his life? From what place did he have this outlook? What places came within his vision? Where is the promise to Abraham recorded? (Gen. 12; 7; 17: 1-8.)

Has God given us any vision of our promised land? (Rev. 21: 1-27; 22: 1-5.) Has he given us any vision of the redeemed earth? (Isa. chaps. 60, 61; Dan. 7: 27; Micah 4: 1, 2; Rev. 21: 1-3.) May we have experiences which are foretastes of future blessedness? (Acts. 2: 42-47.)

III. THE CLOSING SCENES OF MOSES' LIFE. (vs. 5-9.)—In what place did Moses die? Who buried him? How old was he? How long was the mourning for him? Who was appointed his successor? In what way? (Num. 27: 18-23.) What did Balaam say of the death of the righteous? (Num. 23: 10.) How may we die such a death?

IV. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF MOSES (vs. 10-12.)—What is said of Moses as a prophet? What is a prophet? Is there any higher sphere on earth? What Books did Moses write? What were some of the miracles wrought by him? How would you rank Moses as a statesman? as a lawyer? as poet? What were some of his chief moral characteristics? Were these natural to him, or did he have to gain them by self denial and earnestness and prayer? How do his few faults show this? What lessons can we learn from the life of Moses?

V. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What promise did Moses make to the people? (Deut. 18: 15, 18: Acts 7: 37, 38.) In what respects was Moses like Christ? Under what circumstances did Moses appear with Christ almost 1500 years after his death? (Matt. 17: 3, 4; Mark 9: 4, 5.) What reference is made to Moses' death in Jude 9? What was the greatest act of Moses' life? (Heb. 11: 24-26.)

LESSON XIV.—SEPTEMBER 30.

REVIEW AND TEMPERANCE LESSON.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments, or no. Deut. 8: 2.

SUBJECT: AN ANCIENT PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE FACTS.—From what place did the children of Israel start on their journey? To what place were they going? What great event marked their leaving Egypt? In what place was the law given? How were the people guided? (Less. 3, 9.) How were they fed? What public profession of religion did they make? (Less. 1.) What aroused their religious enthusiasm? (Less 4.) What house of worship did they build? (Less. 5.) What were some of their religious ceremonies, and their meaning? (Less. 6, 7, 8.) What were some of their failures? (Less. 2, 11, 12.) Where did water come from a rock? (Less 12.) What reports did they have from the promised land? (Less. 10, 13.) How long were they in the wilderness? To what place did they arrive at last? Who died there?

II. THE ALLEGORY.—How was the bondage in Egypt a type of the state of worldliness and sin? How was crossing the Red Sea a type of conversion? To what promised land are we going? In what respects is our life like the Israelites' journey in the wilderness? What is our manna, our living water, our pillar of cloud and fire? To what does the tabernacle correspond? What is our great sacrifice? What difficulties have we to encounter? Do we sometimes fail on the way? Should that stop our going on? What reports have we from our promised land?

III. APPLICATION TO TEMPERANCE.—Why is intemperance called a bondage? What opposition do those have who endeavor to escape from it? Compare the exodus to the great decision to break from this great evil. Compare the covenant in Less. 1, to taking the pledge. What helps does God give us toward living a temperate life? Does the cause of temperance need the institutions of religion? What should we do for those who stumble and fall? How may we attain to a final triumph?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1888.)

1. July 1.—God's Covenant with Israel.—Ex. 24: 1-12.
2. July 8.—The Golden Calf.—Ex. 32: 15-20.
3. July 15.—God's Presence Promised.—Ex. 3: 3 12-23.
4. July 22.—Free Gifts for the Tabernacle.—Ex. 35: 20-29.
5. July 29.—The Tabernacle.—Ex. 40: 1-16.
6. Aug. 5.—The Burnt Offering.—Lev. 1: 1 9.
7. Aug. 12.—The Day of Atonement.—Lev. 16: 1 16.
8. Aug 19.—The feast of Tabernacles.—Lev. 23: 33-44.
9. Aug. 26.—The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.—Num. 9: 15-23.
10. Sept. 2.—The Spies sent into Canaan.—Num. 13: 17 33.
11. Sept. 9.—The Unbelief of the People.—Num. 14: 1 10.
12. Sept. 16.—The Smitten Rock.—Num. 20: 1-13.
13. **Sept. 23.—Death and Burial of Moses.—Deut. 34: 1-12.**
14. **Sept. 30.—Review, Temperance, Deut. 21: 18-21, and Missions.**

(Fourth Quarter, 1888.)

1. Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—Josh. 1: 1-9.
2. Oct. 14.—Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. 3: 5-17.
3. Oct. 21.—The Stones of Memorial.—Josh. 4: 10-24.
4. Oct. 28.—The Fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6: 1-16.
5. Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Josh. 7: 1-12.
6. Nov. 11.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Josh. 14: 5-15.
7. Nov. 18.—Helping One Another.—Josh. 21: 43-45 and 22: 1-9.
8. Nov. 25.—The Covenant Renewed.—Josh. 24: 19-28.
9. Dec. 2.—Israel under Judges.—Judg. 2: 11-23.
10. Dec. 9.—Gideon's Army.—Judg. 7: 1-8.
11. Dec. 16.—Death of Samson.—Judg. 16: 21-31.
12. Dec. 23.—Ruth's Choice.—Ruth 1: 16-22.
13. Dec. 30.—Review, Temperance. Num. 6: 1-4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PARENTAL CORRECTIONS.

The man commits a crime, and so does the woman, who will send a child to bed with a wounded spirit, or shall allow any vindictiveness of feeling to exist in consequence of anything the child may have done. Sharp pointed memories have often driven men mad, multitudes are there who are more dead than alive, from the ailings of the mind, which is wasting itself away in vain remorses for the irrevocable past. The fault of most parents is over-harsh reproof of their children; reproofs that are hasty, disproportioned to the offence, and hence as to one's own child, helpless and unresisting, are a cruelty as well as an injustice. Thrice happy is that parent who has no child in the grave who can be wished back, only if for a brief space, so as to afford some opportunity for repairing some unmerited unkindness toward the dead darling. Parents have been many times urged in these pages to make persistent efforts to arrange two things in domestic intercourse, and to spare no pains and no amount of moral courage and determination, in order that they should be brought about. It may require a thousand efforts and there may be a thousand failures as discouraging as they are sad; still let the high resolve go out, "it shall be done!" and the pricking of many a thorn will be spared in after years and in old age. The two points to be daily aimed at are:

First. Let the family table be always a meeting place of pleasantness and affection and peace, and for the exhibition of the sweeter feelings of domestic life.

Second. Let every child be sent to bed with kisses of affection, especially those under ten years of age.

"Oh! how careful should we all be that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent to us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!

"Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but a loving yet grieved or outraged nature."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

OUR DAUGHTERS.

Almost as far back as I can remember, my mother talked over family affairs with me, and I somehow gained the impression that she leaned greatly upon my counsel in these matters. I know now that the advice I gave when called, was merely a reflection of my mother's opinion which she adroitly managed to give me before asking mine. And I can also see mother's motive for these confidences of hers. Confidence begets confidence; and I found it a perfectly natural impulse to return this favor by rehearsing my affairs, my hopes and aims to my mother. We were the strongest of friends, and instead of concealing the (what seemed to me) important happenings of my life,—and who knows how important many of these might have proved, had I have had a different mother—I always told them to her. *I think of it all now*, and wonder how she had patience to listen, and seem—yes, I really believe she was interested in them. At any rate, the thought that mother would expect to hear all about it, many times checked a rash or foolish action.

Ah! mothers, make confidential friends of your daughters. Not many daughters go astray who have such home training. And in how many ways does this training give to the outsider a glimpse of the inner life of that home. Not long ago I sat chatting with a mother and her two daughters, aged respectively seventeen and fifteen years. A young man's name was mentioned, when the youngest, with an indescribable curl of the lips exclaimed: "Why, I would not have him for a friend. He swears!" There was a whole volume expressed in that last word, and I thought: "Here is a glimpse of home training that is beautiful to contemplate." If that young girl had not been taught that a man was unworthy of her esteem who took the name of his Creator upon his lips in blasphemy, she would have thought nothing of the fact that this young man swore.

At another time, a mother was severely criticising a woman who had made an unseemly display of a fine set of diamonds. "What of it?" asked her young daughter, who was present. "Any woman would have done the same with all those lovely diamonds." Was there not a volume in that remark, too?

Aye, mothers, your daughters are the mirrors in which you may see your own images reflected. Be careful that it seemeth fair in the sight of God, that your daughters may point to you with pride and say: "I owe my good name to my mother's teaching."—*Minnie Moore, in Housekeeper.*

PLAIN LIVING FOR SMALL FAMILIES.

Trifling things that cost but little trouble or work are often greatly conducive to the comfort of our families.

Warmed dishes on cold mornings at breakfast time, for instance, are but little trouble, but add greatly to our comfort. The bread-plate and all dishes that are to contain hot foods should be also heated a little. Care should be exercised to have the butter warmed enough to spread easily in cold weather, and very hard and firm in warm weather. See to it also that the coffee is hot when it is ready to be served; lukewarm coffee is very unpalatable stuff.

It is essential that everyone should eat a good substantial breakfast, before going out to the work or duties of the day, and if the room is comfortable, the table appointments be neat and clean, the dishes warm,—really so and not half cold,—everyone ought to be able to enjoy a good hearty meal and be in good humor, too.

Don't come to the table in curl papers or crimping pins and without a collar. Make an effort to present a neat personal appearance early in the day as well as later on; it will soon become second nature. The mother should set a good example to her daughters in this matter, and insist that they follow it. However there should be a certain simplicity about the morning attire. Furbelows and much jewellery are entirely out of place at this time. Plainly made dresses and aprons, with a plain linen collar and pin should be the rule. See that the boys do not come to the table without a coat and with unbrushed hair and uncleanly finger nails. It is just as easy and equally as necessary for the men and boys in a farm house to pay attention to the little details of their personal appearance, as for those whose homes are in the city. Here is a nice simple breakfast:

Baked Potatoes, Mock Sausage,
Fried Bread,
Graham Mush and Cream.
Cold Bread.
Cookies, Coffee.

As every housekeeper likes to get breakfast as quickly as possible, it will be best to always have the potatoes prepared the evening before, then, when the oven is hot, they will bake in thirty minutes. They should be served as soon as done, or they will shrink. Do not put them in a covered dish as that will also make them shrink. They are best laid on a napkin that is spread on a plate or dish, with the ends folded up over them.

Mock sausage is made by cutting slices of the cold-boiled pork, about half an inch thick, dipping both sides in flour, then laying them in a hot frying-pan and sprinkling each side with sage and pepper as it is turned; serve in a warm dish.

To fry bread, cut small slices, dip in sweet milk to moisten, then in egg that has been well beaten; fry in hot drips or butter until a golden brown on each side; serve hot. This is a good way to dispose of stale bread, or bread that happens to be not quite as good as you would wish.

In making graham mush, to one quart of boiling water, add two-thirds of a tea-cup of meal, well moistened with cold water. This insures its being free from lumps, which are so disagreeable in any kind of mush. Cook it steadily half an hour, stirring frequently to prevent sticking and burning. Serve hot in saucers with thin cream poured over it, and sugar sprinkled on.

Cookies made by the following recipe will keep, if desired, an indefinite period, and are always nice. One heaping cup granulated sugar, one cup sweet milk, with one teaspoon saleratus dissolved in it; one cup butter (or half butter and half nice lard), nutmeg to taste, and flour enough to roll out without sticking. Bake in a hot oven till a nice brown.

In the first paper a good mode of making coffee was given. Perhaps some young housekeeper may not know that the dry skin which we peel off from codfish is nice to settle coffee. Put in a piece about an inch square when the coffee is drawing and it will answer as well as an egg.—*Household.*

THE COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE.

One of the darkest features of farm life is the hard lot imposed on the wife and mother. Country customs have made the farmer's wife a slave to work, and it will be a blessed era in country homes when this hard-working martyr will throw off the bondage entailed upon her by her female ancestry, and through the privileges thus secured rise to a higher place among women.

There is a prevailing idea that has descended from generation to generation that the farmer's wife, in order to be a true help-meet, must bear a far heavier responsibility than is expected of any other woman. In almost all other avocations of men the wives are relieved of any financial obligation. But the average farmer's wife not only performs the work of the house, endures all the sufferings and anxieties of maternity, but also assists largely in the family's support. For the body and mind to be under such constant pressure from work and care must inevitably work degeneracy to both.

Some time since a friend of mine had been visiting one of his aunts, a farmer's wife. When speaking to me of her, he said: "If my aunt were made of cast-iron and every bone in her body of the hardest steel, I should think she would have worn out long ago." And when he told of her rising before daybreak, and of her constant labors that never ceased until at a late hour of night, why it fairly made my own body ache.

As facts are more powerful than fancy, I am going to relate an instance of one farmer's wife's work; and I want to preface it by saying that highly colored as it may seem it is not in the least overdrawn. I chanced to become acquainted with the family a few years ago, and the memory of that woman's life, the human machine that she was, will ever linger in my mind.

Her husband's name was good for fifty thousand dollars. His property consisted of many rich, valuable acres, herds of fine cattle, spans of beautiful horses, and a heavy bank account. Two men were constantly employed on the farm, and extra hands in the busy seasons. There were four children in the family, the eldest a girl of twelve. All the domestic labor on this farm home, even to the knitting and sewing for the family, and washing for the hired men, was done by this farmer's wife, her only help being what her little daughter gave her when out of school. Dairying was a prominent feature of the farm, and every year hundreds of pounds of butter were made by her.

It is needless to say that this woman was a slave—worse, even—for had she possessed nothing, there would have seemed more reason in such hard work. I do not believe she ever spent one moment in rest and recreation, for when the housework was over she always had knitting or sewing in hand. She gave no time to reading, no time to home or social pleasures. Her children were all supplied with food and clothes, but as to spending any time with them in that sweet intercourse which is fraught with so much pleasure and benefit to both mother and children, it was something outside of her thoughts.

I always compared her to a machine. And alas, for the thought! when, like the machine, hard usage has exhausted her capacity for work, there will be nothing left as a monument for her labor but some soulless dollars.

Who was to blame? No more the husband than the wife. There was a fast rooted idea in the community that extra help in the farmhouse was unnecessary; that, excepting in sickness, the woman was unthrifty who could not carry on her housework without paying wages for hire.

Now right here I shall mention one plain subject which does not receive the attention that it should when the duties of the husband and wife are spoken of comparatively. A great deal of allowance should be made for the physical debility that maternity produces on the system. For the woman who is bearing children, who spends anxious sleepless nights in caring for crying babies, to carry on the work that many a farmer's wife does, is simply barbarous. —*Truth.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If brooms are wetted in boiling suds once a week they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, and last much longer.

To remove iron mould and ink from linen fabrics, wet the spots with milk, then cover them with common salt. This should be done before the linen is washed. Another way to take out ink is to dip the spotted part in melted tallow. For very fine articles this is the better way.

How to Enjoy Leisure.—We all find out, sooner or later, that an idle life is a miserable one, yet too many of us strive hard to love work for itself instead of understanding at the outset that the end of work is to enjoy leisure. We would be far more successful with our children if we took care not only to teach them how to work, but to show them what a rest this very work gives their play.—*Household.*

I Have a Friend who did not like to have her husband lie on the Brussels lounge in the sitting-room. She was afraid he would soil it and rumple the tidy, so the husband finding a bargain at a sale, of a home-made article, covered with faded calico, carried it home in triumph, thinking he could rest in peace at last. But his triumph was short lived, for on returning from work the next night he found his lounge finely upholstered in cretonne, and the Brussels had risen to the eminence of parlor furniture. She lets him lie on his lounge occasionally by spreading an old quilt over it first.—*Household.*

PUZZLES.—No. 19.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF FIVE LINKS.

I.

When I'm a friend no task I shirk,
But prove my friendship by my work.

II.

The poet breathed in verse a sigh,
Then struck me and I made reply.

III.

I hope, with daily duties done,
You'll find that my reward you've won.

IV.

To progress I am not a friend,
For I announce and am its end.

V.

Imprisoned rainbow tints I hold,
And oft I'm worth my weight in gold.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a barrel better than a battering-ram?

WORD LADDER.

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The Family Circle.

SONG OF THE SPARROW.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?
"Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Luke 12: 6, 7.

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
My life is of little value;
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers:
It is very plain, I know;
Without a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold and purple
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now that the spring time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
And never a seed to keep.

If my meat is sometimes scanty,
Close pecking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world they are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one falls to the ground.

Though small we are not forgotten,
Though weak we are not afraid,
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I alight on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

I just fold my wings at nightfall,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching;
No harm can happen to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
But I know that the Father loves me;
Dost thou know his love for thee?

THE GABLED HOUSE AT NORTHBURY.

BY A. STUART FLETCHER.

(Continued.)

There was no need for delay, for Rachel Fleming was anxious to have her new helper at once, and in a week after her first visit Madeline found herself once more in Northbury, at the gabled house. A little white room next to Ruth's was given her, and she found in Ruth a pleasant companion, full of youthful hopes and enthusiasm, in spite of her demure exterior. Rachel Fleming's manner never changed, except to become more affectionate and tender, but was just as courteous and truly friendly as before Madeline became what people would call "a paid dependent" in her household.

Madeline pushed all questions into the background, and entered so heartily into her work, that Rachel's epithet of "capable hands" was soon fully justified. And the life was pleasant, too. It was pleasant to leave her dainty room in the morning, and descend to the equally dainty kitchen, where Martha kept watch and ward in a realm of shining pans and freshly-scrubbed tables. It was pleasant to prepare breakfast and lay out the delicate china and homespun linen, while the roses nodded in at the window and filled the air with their perfume. Pleasant, too, to go bed-making with Ruth; for somehow the girls never talked more confidentially than when they were spreading white sheets to an absolute smoothness, and patting feather pillows into the most comfort-yielding position. Then the cake and biscuit making was almost exciting, and Madeline had never a prouder moment than that in which Ruth said laughingly, that she should retire in peace, sure of a worthy successor. Even serving in the shop, from which Madeline had at first shrunk, became an additional interest and pleasure. Rachel Fleming had a standing of her own in the town; people did not dream of patronizing her. Her quiet, dignified manner seemed to say: "I give the time and the skill and the materials; you give the money—we are quits. There is no favor on either side."

Madeline, of whom Rachel always spoke as "friend," stood on the same footing with the townspeople as Ruth did, and like Ruth, she soon had a friendly interest in the frequenters of the gabled house.

John Appleton was a daily visitor at Rachel Fleming's. He was a manly young fellow, with far too much fun in him to agree with Madeline's idea of a typical Quaker. John was an enthusiastic bicyclist, and a member of a London cyclists' club. A long run on his bicycle formed part of nearly every day's programme, but the run, in whatever direction it tended, always began or ended at the gabled house. John's mode of entrance was through the garden, and the girls, looking up through the open windows of the spotless kitchen, saw first a cheery face smiling at them from the garden wall, as its owner sped rapidly by; and then, a few minutes after, a grey-coated, grey stockinged figure appeared among the roses. Then Madeline would find work in another room, and leave Ruth people. I shall not tell you what I mean; you must come and see for yourself.

"P.S.—If you are so enamored of a country life that you don't want to come, there may be a chance for me,—CLARA."

Madeline sat long and thought. Such a life as Ethel Knighton's would be at one time had seemed a delightful prospect. Theatres, balls, parties, pretty dresses—of what had Ethel's life consisted besides these? These certainly had been her only subjects of conversation, and Madeline and Clara had at one time listened for hours, and envied her. But the prospect had lost much of its attractiveness; the life of useful work and the atmosphere of calm goodness in which she now lived, seemed preferable. But would this feeling last? Would she not regret it if she let this opportunity slip? Madeline looked into her heart, and knew that the influence of Rachel's life and Ruth's had caused her to set up another standard of living. "Like Christ," had become her mark.

"But you can live a Christ-like life in Ethel Knighton's place," whispered a voice within her. "If I were already there, it would be different," replied Madeline's better self; "but I must not put myself into temptation." Then there was Clara's hint. "That shall not influence me," said Madeline; "and if absence can change people, perhaps it is better that I should find it out soon."

"Madeline stood by the kitchen window. . . . smoothing, sprinkling, folding, too engrossed to notice John Appleton and his friend."

demurely tossing her pastry, while John leaned through the window, and carried on that interminable conversation in which Madeline had no part.

And so the happy, uneventful days went smoothly by, when one morning, as Madeline came in from the garden, she heard Rachel's voice calling her.

"Here is a letter for thee, Madeline. I have also one from thy mother, and doubtless thine concerns the same matter. Take it to thy room and consider it, and then I will talk with thee."

Madeline took the letter with some palpitation of heart, and went to her room. Seated in her white dimity-covered chair she read:

"DEAR MADDIE,—Here is such a chance for you. Mrs. Knighton called yesterday, and asked mamma if she could spare you as her companion, for since Ethel married, she has felt lonely. Of course mamma was delighted, the Knightons are so well connected, and it would be such a good chance for you. Mamma said you were on a visit, but could come home at once, and she has written to Mrs. Fleming to ask if you may come before the quarter is up. Of course she may be awkward about it, but you must try and manage her. Mrs. K. said you should have all the advantages of her own daughter. I wish I were in your shoes, Mad.! I think you ought to be on the spot too, for another reason. Absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder with some

Rachel looked up with a smile when Madeline went down. "Well, has thee decided?"

"Rachel, I know mamma won't press it. I'll stay with you."

Rachel said nothing, but gently drew Madeline down and kissed her on the forehead, and Madeline felt that her decision was sealed.

Late roses still lingered in Rachel Fleming's garden when, one afternoon, Madeline stood by the kitchen window, folding clothes. Sprinkling, smoothing, folding, she stood, singing dreamily the while, too engrossed to notice John Appleton's head swiftly pass the garden wall, or to see that he was accompanied by another person.

"There are not many prettier runs than from London to Northbury," said John Appleton to his companion, as they alighted at the gate. "Down this path; Ruth is in the kitchen; I saw her when we went by."

"But are you sure Miss Ruth will like such an unceremonious introduction?" asked the stranger.

"Ah, Mayhew; you are used to London ladies and London kitchens. You would miss the prettiest sight in Northbury, if you did not see Rachel Fleming's kitchen and Ruth in it. Stay here behind the rose bushes, the window is wide open, and Ruth, why—Ruth isn't there," he added, turning a rueful countenance on Frank Mayhew. But to his astonishment, Frank Mayhew never heard him; he had entered, and with outstretched hands took Madeline's hands in his, and after one bewildered glance at the two faces, a look of comprehension crossed John's own, and a sense of fellow-feeling sent him to seek an entrance into the house by another door.

"Then you were not shocked to find what I was doing?" asked Madeline, when later in the day she walked with Frank in the garden. Said Frank: "I think the only thing wanted to make my little Madeline perfect, was a training in housekeeping at Rachel Fleming's."

A happy party sat around Rachel Fleming's supper table that night. "So thee wants Madeline soon, Friend Mayhew," said Rachel. "Well, it is natural, and, Madeline, thee may go with an easy conscience, for the shop will be closed. The Lord has prospered John Appleton, and I have decided to make my home with him and Ruth. They will come here to live, but Ruth and I will keep our skill in cookery for John and our poorer neighbors."—*English Paper.*

THE END.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WORKMAN.

"I had been in the employment of a gentleman, who kept a large machine shop, for seven years," says this man, "and never had any trouble about the Sabbath. But one Saturday evening, after paying me my wages, he said: 'John, I want you to be on hand to-morrow morning, to push forward the work on that machine, which is to go to South America.'

"'To-morrow is the Sabbath, Mr. Jones. I cannot work on the Sabbath without breaking the command of God, and doing violence to my own conscience.'

"'That is nothing to me,' said Mr. Jones: 'you can stick to your principles as much as you please, but my work must be done. If you can't do it, I shall not need your services any longer.'

"'Mr. Jones, have I ever disobliged you before? and have I not always done my work well?'

"'That is nothing to the point,' said my employer. 'I ask you to come and work to-morrow. If you do so, it will be all right. If not, I don't want you any more.'

"I dared not do as he wanted me," said this honest workman, "and so I lost my situation. This blow came upon me in the dullest season of the year. My wife and children were sick, and all the mills were discharging some of their men. But I was determined that come what might, I would not break the Sabbath.

"I spent eleven days in trying to find work, but without success. As I was going home on the evening of the eleventh day, I lifted up my heart to God, and said: 'O Lord, I have done all I can to get work, but have not succeeded. Thou hast promised that bread shall be given to thy people, and their water shall be sure. Now please open some way for me to get bread and water for myself and family.'

"Soon after I reached home, Mr. Jones, my old employer, called to see me. He asked if I had any work yet.

"I answered: 'No; but I suppose you don't want me?'

"'Well,' said he, 'I think you were pretty stiff in your opinions. But I want you to take up that job where you left it.'

"'I will gladly do so,' was my reply. 'But I can't work on the Sabbath. I will gladly work till midnight on Saturdays, but then I must stop.'

"'All right,' said he; 'you'll never be asked to work on the Sabbath again.'"

The situation, which he seemed to have lost, was restored to him, with the confidence and respect of his employer; and he held that situation all the rest of his days. —*From Bible Warnings.*

WHAT IT IS.

A soldier was once asked. "What is repentance?" He gave this reply: "God says, 'Halt, attention, right about face, march!'" Repentance is not conviction. A man may be convinced that he is wrong, but go right on in the wrong course.

"God lends not, but gives to the end,
As he loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather, amend
And finish it up to your dream."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

SOPHIE, QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The great blessings resulting from the life and work of Christian women—even when they are in the humblest station of life—can hardly be exaggerated. In a high position, however, this influence is more significant. The religious revival that has taken place in Sweden and Norway during the last twenty years has, doubtless, helped largely to mould the character and influence of the illustrious lady whose portrait we have to-day the pleasure of presenting to our readers.

Her Majesty the Queen of Sweden and Norway, born in 1836, was the youngest child of William Duke of Nassau and Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg. The Duke died August 20, 1839, when the Princess was quite an infant; therefore the responsibility of her education entirely devolved upon her mother, the Duchess Pauline, who, after the death of her husband, took up her abode in Wiesbaden. This responsibility was discharged with great care and judgment. Princess Sophie had the best masters, and, being gifted with much natural ability and an ardent thirst for knowledge, she made great progress. Her musical talent, which was by no means insignificant, was developed under the celebrated Rubenstein.

During her residence at Wiesbaden the Princess was brought in contact with several English families, and from some of these she received religious impressions which bore fruit in later years. At this period she became much interested in the literature and life of the English people.

The year 1854 saw the Princess staying with her aunt, the Grand Duchess Helene, in St. Petersburg, herself a most accomplished lady, and her house the resort of *savants*, politicians, and professors of arts in St. Petersburg. Two years after she sustained a great loss in the death of her beloved mother, when she found a home with her half-sister, Princess Marie, eleven years her senior, who, in the year 1842, had married Prince Hermann, of Wied. The Princess had previously spent many happy holidays with her sister at Castle Mont Repos, a very strong attachment existing between them, so that the Castle was a real home to the young orphan.

During her stay at Mont Repos the hereditary Prince Oscar of Sweden and Norway came on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wied, and he soon became attached to Princess Sophie. Prince Oscar, who had great personal charms—tall and of dignified bearing, gifted, extremely fond of poetry and music—was not likely to prove an unsuccessful suitor. The tastes of Princess Sophie and Prince Oscar were so much in accord that an engagement was entered into during his first visit. After a brief betrothal the marriage took place at Bieberich, June 7, 1857, and soon afterwards the royal couple left for Sweden. A very enthusiastic reception awaited their Royal Highnesses on their arrived at Stockholm.

The alliance of these illustrious personages proved a very happy one. Strong affection and perfect harmony of taste and pursuits were the links that bound them together. Princess Sophie's education and experience had admirably fitted her as a companion in Prince Oscar's literary researches and musical studies. The evening pursuits and pastimes of the Prince and Princess were of a very simple and homely character, and show a great similarity to that recorded of Queen Victoria and her Royal Consort.

The happiness of the royal couple was increased by the birth of the present Crown Prince in 1858. The following year Prince Oscar was born, who, with his mother, is now in England; in 1861 Prince Carl, and in 1865 Prince Eugene. Her Royal Highness has always taken a deep personal interest in the education of her children. At an early age they were sent to Pastor Beskow's public school, their intercourse with boys of their own age giving them an independence of spirit and a knowledge of human nature which they could not have acquired had they been educated privately at the palace. The Princess watched with interest the progress of her children, often visiting their school as well as the Royal Training School for Teachers at Stockholm. God's blessing has rested on her efforts in the education of her sons. The unanimous opinion throughout Sweden is that the Queen, in this respect, has been an example to all the mothers of the country.

In 1866, the Princess showing signs of delicate health, her Royal Consort provided for her a beautiful retreat on the coast of southern Sweden, which he named after her "Sophiero" (Sophie's Rest). In later years she has often been confined to her couch, but during these days of enforced rest she has found strength and consolation in the study of God's word. She also gained spiritual help from Pastor Gustaf Beskow, through whose efforts a large Lutheran Free Church in Stockholm was built. Pastor Beskow was in training to enter as an officer in the navy, but on his conversion decided to study for the ministry, went to the university at Upsala, and, on the completion of his theological course, was ordained priest in the Lutheran Church.

King Carl of Sweden and Norway died on September 18, 1872, leaving issue Princess Louisa; but, as, according to Swedish law, a woman cannot ascend the throne, his brother, Prince Oscar, became king. The King and Queen were crowned on May 12, 1873, and the bright expectations then raised have been fully realized. King Oscar at his accession to the throne took as his motto "The welfare of the sister countries," and, though strictly constitutional, he has always used his great learning, ability, and energy in promoting the happiness of his Scandinavian subjects. The Queen has given her Royal Consort her best support in this matter; but she has always considered it to be her first duty to "look well to the ways of her household."

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The splendor of the throne did not diminish Her Majesty's religious interest. She felt herself more and more anxious to submit herself entirely to the King of kings. But it was during the Queen's stay at Heidelberg in 1876 she found "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." It is stated that a German clergyman, Pastor Frommel, was, under God, the instrument of her gaining that great blessing.

In the beginning of 1881 Queen Sophie came for the first time to England. Her Majesty took a lively interest in religious work in the metropolis, and experienced much blessing in listening to such preachers as Rev. W. Hay Aitken and Rev. Neville Sherbrooke. She found a pleasant resort in Bournemouth, where she took up her residence, and spent there a very happy time. Her bodily strength was improved, and she enjoyed the company of Christian people there, especially the late Lord Chancellor and Countess Cairns. The Y. M. C. A. in Bournemouth has a remembrance of the Queen's first visit in a text painted by Her Majesty's own hand, "I live, ye shall live also."

The Queen was suddenly recalled from Bournemouth to the sick-bed of King Oscar at Stockholm, but she had the happiness of seeing him recover, whereupon the King followed his Royal Consort to England. They resided at Bournemouth for some time, and returned with improved health to Stockholm.

Court life in Sweden is in many respects a model one. A distinguished Englishman who has visited many capitals in Europe, and sojourned a winter in Stockholm, has said, "There is at present no country in the world which has got such a Queen and such Princesses as Sweden now has." Every one who knows anything about the Royal Family, its life and active benevolence must, with thankfulness to God, say the same. The King's sister, Princess Eugenie, is known as a very earnest Christian, and it is related how some years ago she sold her jewels to raise money for erecting a much-needed hospital.

Whilst the Sabbath is not observed in the same way in Sweden as in England, the Royal Family never give dinner-parties on that day, and are careful to allow their servants as much rest as possible.

The Queen generally rises at an early hour, and very often spends a great part of the forenoon in seeing persons of different classes who come to her for counsel and help. She is always ready to support and encourage those who are engaged in philanthropic work in Sweden. Her Majesty takes a great interest in the political affairs of the country, and reads daily several Swedish and Norwegian newspapers of different shades of opinion. As already mentioned, she takes a great interest in English literature, more especially that of a religious character. The works of Anna Shipton she values much, and has received great blessing through them.

Queen Sophie is very familiar with Christian work in England, the Conferences at Mildmay, and the progress of missionary enterprise. Her Majesty has taken a deep interest in missions to seamen. Miss Child's "Welcome Home" for sailors in Ratcliff-highway has twice had the honor of receiving a visit from her. She is also patroness of the Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home conducted by Miss Agnes Hedenstrom.

Last year was one of great trial for Queen Sophie. Her health, which for years has been delicate, became much worse. She suffered greatly from severe seizures of cramp, and recovery did not seem possible. But she was still kept in the most peaceful frame of mind, the result of her deep trust in her God and Saviour. According to the advice of the Court physicians she decided in the beginning of April to undergo a very dangerous operation. It was a question of life or death. Deep sympathy was felt all over the country. Whilst the anxiety and sorrow felt by the Royal household was beyond description, Queen Sophie herself remained calm and hopeful. The operation was performed by Her Majesty's physician, Dr. Salin, and, happily, was most successful. A special service of prayer was held at the time in the Royal Chapel, conducted by Pastor Wallin, Court chaplain, and was attended by the foreign ministers resident at Stockholm, and other Court representatives, the chapel being crowded. Many informal gatherings of Christians were held throughout the land to entreat the Divine Physician on behalf of their Queen. These supplications ascended to him who hears and answers prayer and he turned their united prayers into universal praise.

Her Majesty, however, made but slow recovery, which was a trial to her faith, but she bore it with great patience and fortitude. Remembering the benefit she had derived from her former stay in England, it was decided at the end of last year that she should come to Bournemouth for a time. She came to England on February 10, and stayed in London for a few days, most of her time being occupied in seeing religious and philanthropic work. She also paid a visit to Regent's Park Chapel, to hear Rev. F. B. Meyer. At Bournemouth her face has become familiar at meetings held at the Shaftesbury Hall, and in connection with other good works. In May next the King purposes coming to Bournemouth, after which time the Queen will return to her native land. We trust that the visit to our Southern shores may prove highly beneficial to Her Majesty in the renewing of her health.—*The Christian.*

ROLLED UP LIKE A GARMENT.

Said a captain's wife, "I used to accompany my husband on his voyages. He used to allow me to hold a Bible class for the middies. One day our subject was, 'The storm on the Sea of Galilee,' when the blessed Lord stilled the wind and the waves with a word."

"Would he do it now if we were in peril?" said a young fellow.

"Surely, my lad, no one ever prayed in vain to him, although no longer seen by the naked eye; to the eye of faith, he is always near and ready to help."

"My faith and his were speedily put to the test. Suddenly one of those terrible squalls such as sent the great ship "Eurydice," of 1878, and the small yacht the "Monarch," of 1887, to the bottom, came upon us, and we were all in the utmost danger."

"Can't you pray, ma'am?" said the middy, in breathless anxiety, as he rushed past to help where he was needed.

"According to your faith," came to my mind, and I descended to the cabin forthwith to pour out my soul in prayer. I besought the Lord to honor his Word, and, wonderful to say, so taken up was I at the time with his honor, his glory, that I forgot the storm and everything else in adoring my Father and his beloved Son. It was full three hours after when my husband descended to find me. Taking off his cap he laid it down, saying, "All is taut and trim; the hurricane has passed, but I never saw anything before like this in all my seafaring life." Suiting his action to the word, he took off his coat, and rolled it up, saying it was just as if some invisible hand had taken that inky-black cloud that was driving furiously down on us, and rolled it up, as it were, as a garment.

"God be praised!" I uttered; but I did not then add, as I do to you, "I felt it was an answer to my prayers." When the middy met me, he said, "We know, ma'am, we know who rolled back that cloud."—*Emily P. Lackey.*

ONE SECRET act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the more good thoughts, warm feelings or passionate prayers in which idle people indulge themselves.—*J. H. Newman.*

THE LIFE OF A DEAD CAMEL.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.,

Author of "Homes without Hands," "Nature's Teachings," "Man and Beast," etc.

"A scavenger of earth and water."

"I die daily," wrote the Apostle Paul, nearly two thousand years ago. The context shows that he used the words metaphorically, but even in the outward sense they are strictly and literally true.

In those days, it was impossible that the writer could have known the fact, but we now know that, as far as the material body is concerned, every creature into whom God has breathed the breath of life, dies daily. Every breath which is exhaled from our lungs carries away some particles of the body, and even the lifting of a finger or the winking of an eyelid entails a loss of tissue.

The human body has been well compared to a whirlpool, which retains its shape, though the particles of which it is made are incessantly changing. From earth we came, and, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, we return to earth, who reclaims her own.

I must here repeat the aphorism on which I have frequently insisted: That there is no waste in Nature. Whenever any being has done with the whole or any part of its structure, other beings are always waiting for it. Various means are employed for the attainment of this end, some being conspicuous and self-evident, while others are invisible, obscure, and only to be detected by the aid of chemistry and other cognate sciences.

Chemistry, for example, has taught us that the carbonic acid gas which saturates every breath which is exhaled from our lungs, and which is deadly poison to us if again inhaled, is the breath of life to plants. These inhale it by means of their leaves, which are equivalent to our lungs, and exhale it in the form of oxygen, which is the breath of life to us; and so the cycle of nature rolls its ceaseless round.

As long as life informs the bodily frame, these silent and invisible forces *are quite* sufficient to aid earth in resuming her own property. But when any animal lays aside the whole of its body, additional agencies are needed. As an extreme case, I select one which is of too frequent occurrence, i. e., a camel that has broken down and been abandoned to death.

Now we come to another *point in the* economy of nature. He who has expended such infinite pains in putting together the numberless particles which constitute the earthly body, and in holding them together as long as they are needed, never loses a moment in taking them asunder as soon as their former borrower stands in no further need of them.

No sooner is the breath out of the body, than disintegration commences. Ordinary decomposition would, at a certain temperature, achieve this end, but the process is a slow one, and it has therefore to be supplemented by other agencies of quicker action.

First, there come the correlative scavengers of earth and water, namely, the hyenas and the vultures; the terrestrial scavengers, apparently learning the presence of their prey by means of the nostrils, while the aerial scavengers appear to be guided almost wholly by the eye. Perhaps, as we shall presently see, the eye also may assist in guiding the terrestrials.

Let us first take the vultures. These birds soar every morning to almost incredible heights, and from their vantage point survey a vast expanse of earth, their wonderful eyes acting like telescopes. Humboldt mentions that when he was on the *Cordilleras of South America*, at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, he saw above him the great condor-vultures—birds whose wings measure some twelve feet *from tip to tip*—sailing at such an elevation that they looked like mere specks in the sky. Their height above the level of the sea was estimated at more than twenty *thousand feet, and it is said that* the birds can attain the height of nearly six miles. The vultures know every tree, bush, or stone in their district, and a dead rat could scarcely escape their observation. The sight, therefore, of so large a creature as a camel, lying down and unaccompanied by a human being, is quite enough to inform them that a plentiful banquet is at hand.

(To be Continued.)

THE GREAT CAVE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

(Continued.)

She passed through many long passageways and great rooms, and at last she began to feel as though she must be walking right into the centre of the earth.

After a while her candle burned down so low that she was obliged to light another. This made her think that she must have been walking a long time, and, besides, she now began to feel very tired.

As she lighted the second candle she was surprised to hear a rippling sound close by. Looking down quickly, Lucy saw a wide stream of water directly before her, and at the same time she perceived something white at her feet. Picking it up, she found that it was her mother's handkerchief. This alarmed her so that she sat down near the edge of the swift dark water, and began to cry.

Lucy put her candle in a crevice of the rock by her side and looked hopelessly about. The once thick and beautiful book was almost used up; the covers flapped loosely in her hand, and now this stream barred her way. What could she do?

At that moment her eye fell upon a distinct foot-print in some sand upon which the light shone.

"That is ever so much bigger than mine," said Lucy, looking at it closely, and drying her eyes. "I am sure it must be mamma's, and she has not fallen into the pond, for the toe points the other way."

She crouched down on the ground near the mark, and pressed the handkerchief she had found to her face. A faint perfume of violets still clung to it. This and the footsteps together made her feel as though her mother must be near.

She sat very still for a little while, with her eyes closed. Presently her weary little head fell forward upon her breast. She was asleep.

Lucy slept a long while; in fact, all night. When she awoke the candle had burned down, and she was in perfect darkness. She felt in her apron for the matches and another candle, but before she could find them a slight sound startled her. It grew louder and louder, and presently she heard what seemed to be a number of people advancing. Then she heard a voice say:

"How many days do you think we have been in this dreadful place?"

And another voice answered: "I am sure I do not know; but it seems a long, long while."

Lucy tried to scream, but her voice died away without a sound. Then a third voice said, "Be careful: move slowly."

Although all three voices sounded strange and hollow, Lucy had recognized them, and knew also that they came from the other side of the stream. She sprang to her feet with a loud cry.

"Mamma! papa! aunty! Stand still!—do stand still!"

"It is little Lucy!" cried her aunt, in a horrified voice.

"Do stand still!" pleaded Lucy; "there is a great deep river right before you."

"My darling, where are you?" sobbed her mother.

"This is terrible," said her father, in a low, sad voice. "How came you in the cavern, Lucy, and who is with you."

"I came to look for you, papa," answered Lucy, "and I am alone."

"Alone!" cried her aunt and mother in concert.

"Yes," replied Lucy, "and I found the candles Fannie gave Mr. Adams. Wait a minute and I will light one."

Lucy kindled a match, and a faint light gleamed through the darkness. She could not see her friends across the stream, but they could perceive her, and also the danger which they had just escaped.

"My little girl," said her father, "hold the light up, and I will swim across, and bring you to this side."

"Then we can all starve together," said her aunt.

"Oh no, aunty," said Lucy; "we shall not have to starve, because I know the way out."

"Are you sure?" asked her father, in surprise.

"Certain," replied Lucy, "for I tore a big book up, pictures and all, and sprinkled the pieces on the ground in a long streak from the opening of the cave to just where I am now. When I picked up mamma's handkerchief I found that the book was almost used up. Then I sat down and cried, and I guess I went to sleep."

"Was there ever such a darling?" said her mother.

"Where did you find the handkerchief?" asked her father.

"Where I am standing now, papa," said Lucy.

"Then it is plain to me," replied the father, "that we have been on that side of the stream some time during our wanderings. If you will walk along your side of the water, Lucy, we will follow on this side, until we find the place where we crossed."

Holding her candle high above her head, to give as much light as possible to the people on the other side, Lucy walked slowly by the side of the black water, until she came to a place where the rock formed a natural bridge over the stream. In another moment she was clasped in her mother's arms.

After she had been kissed and praised by each one in turn, her father said,

"Now, Lucy, take us home, for we are all hungry and tired."

"Yes, papa," said Lucy, running forward. "Come, mamma: come, aunty."

She held the candle close to the ground, and moved quickly onward. The track of paper lay along the ground like a narrow white ribbon, and led them safely to the entrance. But before they reached it they were joined by Mr. Adams, who came from a dark corner, rubbing his eyes, and looking very much bewildered. He had just awakened from a long nap.

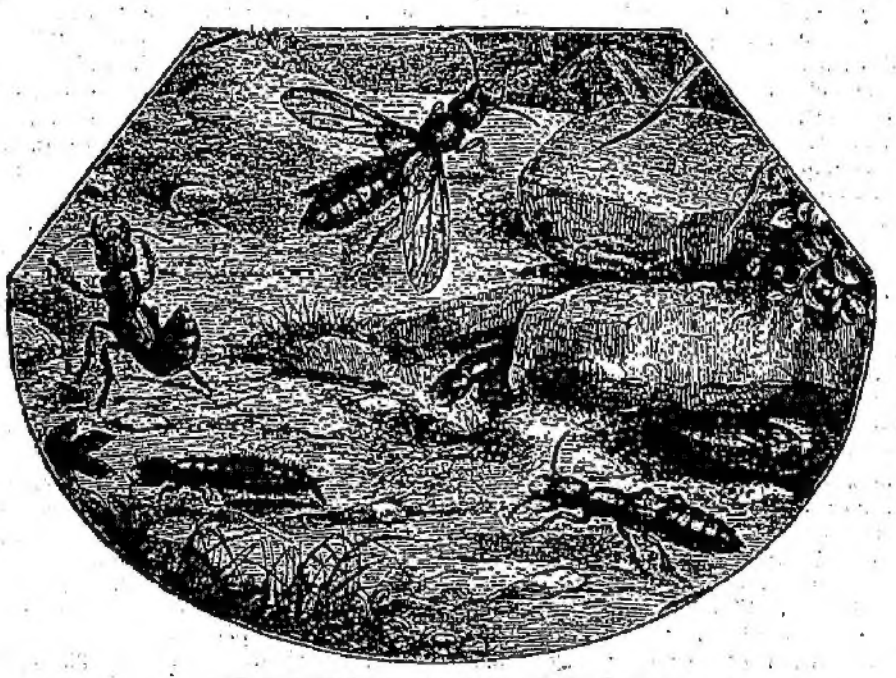
Lucy learned that he had only missed the candles when the light in his lantern grew dim. He went to look for them, telling the party to remain where they were until his return; but the light went out before he reached the opening, and he had lost his way.

He said that "Lucy must add him to her list of rescued people, for he felt sure he would never have found his way out in the dark."

In a little while the tired party found themselves standing on the sun-lit grass before the cave in which they had passed such a dismal day and night.

As they hurried home through the woods they were met by a number of neighbors who had started out in search of them.

When they heard what Lucy had done they called her the smartest and bravest little girl in all Virginia, and carried her home in great triumph.—*Harper's Young People*



"Their bodies are very long and slender."

THE LIFE OF A DEAD CAMEL.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.,

Author of "Homes without Hands," "Nature's Teachings," "Man and Beast," etc.

(Concluded.)

Down swoops the bird which first made the discovery, and is followed by its companions, which may not have seen the dead animal, but know that a vulture does not swoop for nothing. I am of opinion that the hyænas may also watch the vultures, and so learn the presence of food.

Be this as it may, the breath is scarcely out of the camel before it is surrounded by a cloud of vultures. "Where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together." Jackals, too, gather themselves round the body, waiting to pick up any fragments which may be left uneaten by the vultures and hyænas.

Note how differently those animals fulfil their appointed tasks. The beaks of the vultures can only deal with soft substances, and so the birds content themselves with tearing the flesh from the bones.

In those countries decomposition sets in very rapidly, but the more putrid is the meat, the more the vultures seem to like it, and the effluvium which is so repulsive to our nostrils is peculiarly attractive to those of the vulture.

The hyænas gorge themselves as much as they can, but they have a task essentially their own. The horny beaks of the vultures are unable to deal with the hard skeleton, and for its removal from the face of the earth the very powerful jaws of the hyæna have been most fitly framed.

Hyænas are by no means large animals, but their power of jaw and strength of teeth are almost incredible. Even the hyænas at the Zoological Gardens retain their strength of jaw, though they have little need of it: and if the leg bone of an ox be given them, they will crack it as easily as a Newfoundland dog cracks a chicken bone, the splinters flying in all directions, and each bone, as it cracks, sounding like a pistol shot.

When the late Dr. Buckland made his discovery of the prehistoric hyæna caves, he brought away a number of splintered bones, and then compared them with bones which he had seen broken by the hyænas of the present day. In character they were identical, the only difference being that those which were found in the caves were larger than those of the present time.

The work is not yet finished. There is much material—such as the brain—which neither the teeth of the hyæna and jackal, nor the beak of the vulture can touch. Moreover, there is the skin to be considered.

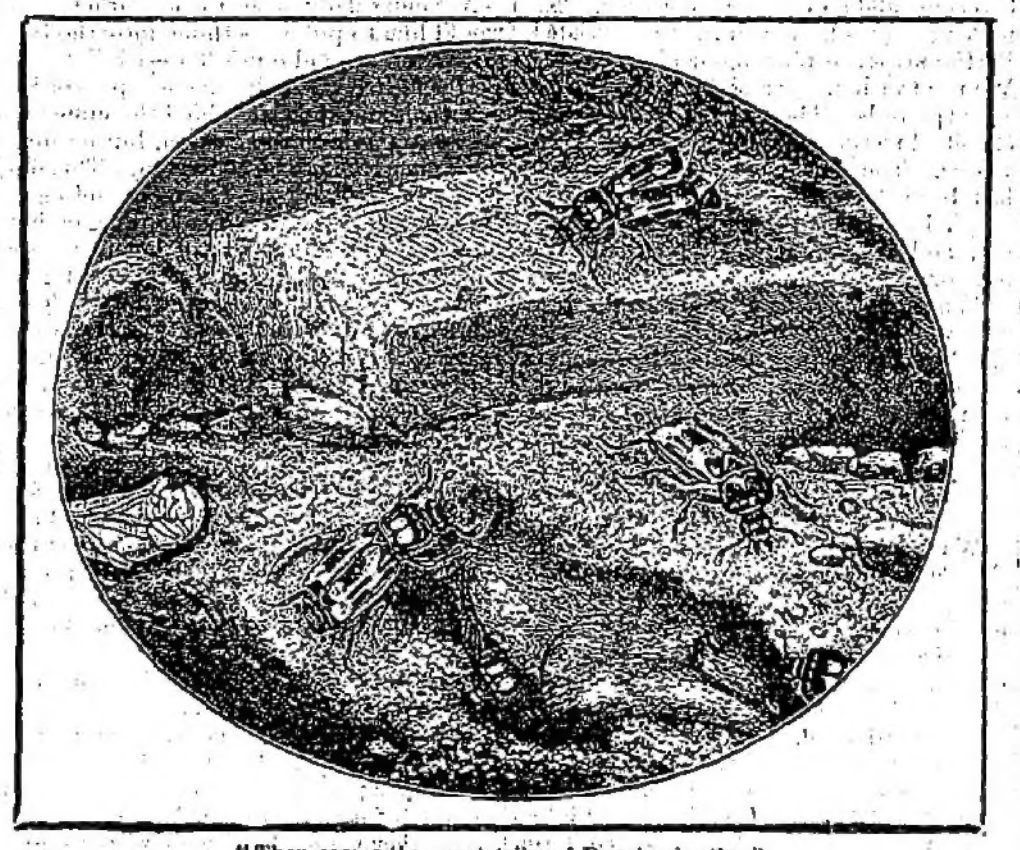
In this country we can hardly realize the effect of a tropical sun upon the hide of a dead animal. It clings to the ribs, and rapidly dries upon them, enclosing them, as it were, in a case of horn. The reader will remember how the wild bees made their combs in the body of the lion killed by Samson. I never understood how bees could build in so unsavoury a locality until some years ago, when I was collecting the larvæ, pupæ, and perfect insects of our beetles for dissection.

There had been an exceptionally hot summer, and a lengthened drought, accompanied by a great mortality among the sheep on the Wiltshire Downs. The animals died so fast that there was no time to bury or even skin them, and they were, in consequence, left on the ground. The result was as I have stated: the dried skins being stretched so tightly over the ribs, that when struck they sounded like drums, and a strong and sharp knife was required to cut through them. For the removal of this horny skin another agent is employed. This is the dermestes—sometimes called the museum beetle, and sometimes the bacon beetle. The larvæ, or grubs of this beetle are covered with stiff, radiating hairs, and their presence in a museum is a sight of terror to the curators. Still, they are only doing their duty, which is to devour dried skin, and for that purpose their sharp and powerful, though small jaws are eminently fitted.

Through the holes thus made by the dermestes pour hosts of other feeders on carrion. Chief among them are the various blow-flies.

The oft-quoted statement of Linnæus, that three blow-flies would eat an ox as soon as a lion could do so, is far within the mark. The flies themselves, not possessing jaws, but only having a soft proboscis through which they suck liquid food, do not consume a particle of flesh, but leave that task to their countless young.

Some of them lay eggs, which are hatched after a while like those of most insects. But there are some which, instead of laying eggs, deposit long strings of ready-hatched maggots, rolled up like so many ribbons. As soon as they are deposited, these maggot-rolls unwind themselves, and the little hungry creatures at once set to work at their task of eating. They never seem to rest or sleep, but eat unceasingly, until they have attained their full growth. They rapidly pass through the pupal stage, emerge as perfect blow-flies, and in their turn deposit their maggot-rolls upon the carcass.



"Then comes the great tribe of Burying-beetles."

Now a lion, although he can eat a large amount of food at a meal, is not a continual feeder. He gorges himself to the fullest extent, and then lies down to sleep until awakened by hunger. While he sleeps the maggots are incessantly eating and multiplying, so that the offspring of the three flies would finish the ox while the lion had still much of the carcass to consume.

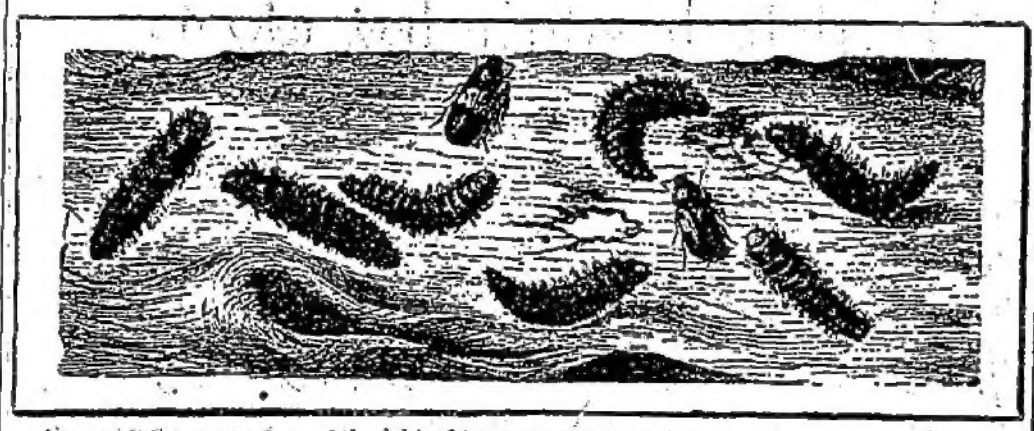
Then comes the great tribe of burying-beetles (*Necrophaga*), which render such good service to us of this country. Not only is it true that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of its heavenly Father, but he who made and gave it life has *prepared* for its burial when dead. dependent of the direction of the wind.

Of course they could not bury a camel, neither could they bury a sheep, but the bodies of the dead sheep which I have mentioned were swarming with the larvæ of various burying-beetles, the eggs having been laid by the parents without attempting to bury any part of the carcass.

Another large tribe of carrion-eating beetles is that which is scientifically known as *Hister*, a title which I am obliged to use, as they have no popular name. They are short, wide, and are notable for the extreme hardness of their exterior. They are highly polished, and in spite of the substances in which they are continually burrowing, not a particle of it seems to cling to their steely armour. These insects, like the burying-beetles, have wings of enormous size in comparison with their bodies.

The last group of carrion-eating beetles which I can mention is that which is popularly known as Rove-beetles, or Cock-tails, the latter name being given to them in consequense of their habit of turning up their long, slender bodies when alarmed.

The object of this habit is rather remarkable. Their bodies being very long and slender, so as to enable them to insinuate themselves into the smallest recesses, and their wings very large, the wing-cases must necessarily be very small. So, when packing the wings into so small a compass, the beetle turns its body over its back, and with the end of its tail pushes the wing into its place. I have found that the larvæ of these beetles were mostly to be found within the skull, and could be shaken out in hundreds, their object being evidently the consumption of the brain. Thus does the death of one being become the life of another.



"A sight of terror to the curators."

Has the reader ever reflected how many birds die annually, and how few dead birds are seen? The fact is, that during all the warm parts of the year, the burying-beetles are at work. They have the power of smelling a dead carcass, however small, and at a wonderful distance, and it is very interesting to see them converging from all directions towards the carcass, upborne on their beautiful wings.

I cannot but think that they have some sense, independent of smell, which indicates the presence of food for their future young. Were scent their only guide, the direction of the wind would affect their whole economy. But, as I have already stated, they converge from all points, in-

MIDSUMMER WORDS.

What can they want of a midsummer verse
In the flush of the midsummer splendor?
For the Empress of Ind shall I pull out my purse,
And offer a penny to lend her?
Who wants a song when the birds are a-wing,
Or a fancy of words when the least little thing
Hath a message so wondrous and tender?

—*Mrs. Whitney.*

WORK FOR LITTLE FOLLOWERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET. E. SANGSTER.

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do.
Something waiting every day that none may try but you:
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you can take.
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours;
We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers:
And their help at task and toiling, the Church of God may claim.
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer:
They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear.
Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some souls to look above,
Finding rest and peace, and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you; swift and jubilant they ring.
O the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King!
Fearless march in royal service; not an evil can befall
Those who do the gracious bidding, heating at the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing.—
Songs that are as full of sunshine as the sunniest hours of spring.
Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,
As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for the little ones to do,
Something waiting every day, that none may try but you;
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

POST AND RAIL PEOPLE.

A friend of mine says there are two sorts of people in the world—"posts" and "rails" and a good many more rails than posts. The meaning of this is that most people depend on somebody else—a father, a sister, a husband, wife, or perhaps on a neighbor.

Whether it is right to divide the whole population of the earth quite so strictly, it is true that we all know a good many rail-like people. Blanche Evans tells me one of the rail-girls sits by her in school. Miss Rail never had a knife of her own, though she used a sort of pencil that continually needed sharpening; so Blanche's pretty penknife was borrowed until one day the rail-girl snapped the blade. Blanche was so tired of lending the knife that she was not very sorry.

Miss Rail's brother works beside Henry Brown in the office of the *Daily Hurricane*. They both set type, and Henry's patience is sorely tried by Master Rail. If Henry tells him to-day whether the i is doubled in model when ed is added, he will have forgotten to-morrow; and Henry has to tell him whether the semicolon comes before or after viz. every time he "sets it up." The truth is the rail-boy doesn't try to remember these things; he has taken Henry for a post and expects to be held up by him.

I met two pretty young ladies travelling together last summer. One was always appealing to the other to know if they were to change cars at Osanto, or not until they reached Dunstable, or if they should not change at all. She asked her companion the time though her own watch was in order; "she couldn't bother to remember names of routes and hotels and people, but she found it very convenient for somebody to do all this for her, and she never concealed her surprise if her friend forgot or neglected anything.

Being a post is often unpleasant, but how much worse is it to be a rail! The post can stand by itself—but take it away and where is the rail? Boys and girls have this advantage over a wooden fence—if they fear that they are rails, they can set about turning themselves into posts at once, and they will find the post business a far more delightful one.—*July Wide Awake.*

OUR BOYS' BAND.

There are absolutely no boys who will not prove true gentlemen and intelligent if rightly approached. The way we have found most successful has been by a boys' missionary band. It was started by two ladies six years ago.

At the first meeting no one came. We had forgotten to send postal cards. We quietly sent them to some dozen boys for the week following, when quite a number came; the short constitution was adopted, ways and means discussed, and our theory became a fact.

We meet on Saturday afternoons, once a month; on Saturday, because some of the boys work in mills, and that is their only half-holiday. What do you think of manly boys giving up coasting or foot-ball for a meeting? For three years the members increased and diminished, now it is a growing band with thirty-five members

We have one regular programme, the interest being in the matter chosen each time; thus, Charley leading, the prayer will be made by Frank, the Bible-reading by Fred, then a hymn, sung by all, played by our boy organist; the reports of secretary and treasurer are followed by the report of our "Eliot Journal," published monthly by the boys. The boys read next their brief articles on the country for the month, to be afterwards combined into an article for the "Journal." Next they select their topics for the articles for the ensuing month; one will take the animals, one the climate, the cities another, the religion, the missions, etc., being selected as each prefers, and carefully noted down in my book, that each may be sure of his topic when I send the monthly postal cards. The especial topic for the year is in order. One year we had the games of the country for the month; one year a description of some especial city, the heroes, the legends, now the modes of travel. One lady has charge of this. In her charming voice she reads or tells the interesting facts she has taken such pains to hunt for us, and this also forms one article in the "Journal."

We cut items from daily papers on any available source, on any foreign country, only being careful they shall be interesting. These are handed around and read by different boys. A choice of leader, one for Bible-reading and prayer following; if any time is left we fill it up with facts about the country, allowing nothing to be read that can be spoken, and often passing over much good material in order not to break our rule of "one hour meetings." With a hymn, the Lord's Prayer, and a moment of silent prayer, the meeting adjourns.

The seats are arranged in semicircular rows in front of the leader's table, where he and the boy secretary sit. We, the two ladies, sit where we can command the whole room. The boys are always treated as gentlemen; their opinions asked for, and their decisions respected on all points. We tell them that, of course, they will prefer to hunt up their subjects themselves, but if they cannot find what they want we have plenty of leaflets, pamphlets, books, to lend. Sometimes a boy quietly comes after the meeting, to ask for help. The parents often are gained in this way. I am sure that the mother who lately told me she was now going to do all she could for foreign missions, felt so because of the intense interest her little boy took, and his joy in writing his articles himself. He is almost our youngest member. They range from eight to seventeen. If the older boys express any feeling about "such small kids" we tell them how important it is for the little ones to see that older ones think it worth while to be interested, and it is very amusing sometimes to note the sort of fatherly look on the faces of the seniors.

Back of the table is a large turkey-red screen, a most effective background, on which we pin our pretty water-color maps, always one of the world, and one of the country for the month. They are painted on large sheets of foolscap, and cost but two cents and an hour or so of time. The first year's work was all that was needed. By the maps are pinned our picture cards. We use the bottoms and tops of large dry goods paste-board boxes; on these we paste classified pictures, cut from every available source. The *Illustrated Christian Weekly* has been a great help in this matter; a rough little paper gave us Persian, Japanese, and South American pictures. We borrow any curiosities we can.

American pictures and cards the boys collect, and we send them by mail to missionaries in Corea, Siam, India, in fact to any one, as we think best. Accompanied by a friendly letter, possibly by two (for the boys often write), they bring back to us such pleasant letters, making Africa and Corea very real to us. You may read these letters in our "Journal."

We have as "special object" a scholarship in Sungchow, China, whither go two yearly letters from one of the boys and from me, in return the mails bringing us our annual description of queer Chinese customs that would otherwise be unattainable. Any surplus money we vote on; this year the general fund, the debt, our church missionary salary, and the ship "Nassau" on the coast of Africa, receiving small amounts. This creates more general interest. We have no membership fees or fines. We elect officers every year, no one being able to hold office more than one year. On any question raised we allow the boys to decide, influencing them if possible, but endeavoring to make them feel it is their band. And now we want every church, everywhere, to have bands for boys and for girls. The smaller and poorer the church, the more need to be interested in foreign missions. There is nothing that causes growth like a living interest in the work that Christ left as his legacy to those who love him.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TWO PURSES.

One for the Lord and one for myself. Let every one provide two purses, or boxes, or banks, made of no matter what, and no matter where. Only be sure to have two places for money, one of which shall be consecrated to the Lord, and the other for personal and business purposes.

A young man once started out from home to "seek his fortune," with eighteen dollars tied up in an old stocking leg. It made a good purse, and from that beginning he made a handsome fortune, always being noted for his benevolence and Christian gifts. Anything for a purse, only be sure and have two.

A young lady said to her father, "I would like to put something into the box if it passes around on the Sabbath."

Her father willingly gave her part of his donation, and thus she added the influence of her example to the custom, but nothing to the increase of the collection. This did not satisfy her, for she felt more and more that she wanted to give something of her own. She had positively of her own only about six or eight dollars yearly of interest money on a small invested capital. This she had been accustomed to use for Christmas and birthday gifts among her friends.

She resolved to have two purses, and put into one for the Lord at least one-tenth of her income. Although it made but a small sum, she had more satisfaction in giving than ever before. But the delightful part came when from one cause and another, wholly unexpected, she received the next year a far greater sum for her own disposal than she had ever had before, and a good portion of it went into the Lord's purse.

"I never think of touching what is in the Lord's purse for any but religious purposes," said she, "and never borrow from it for my own use. It is sacred to the Lord. It is in his purse, and I never enjoyed my money before as I do now."

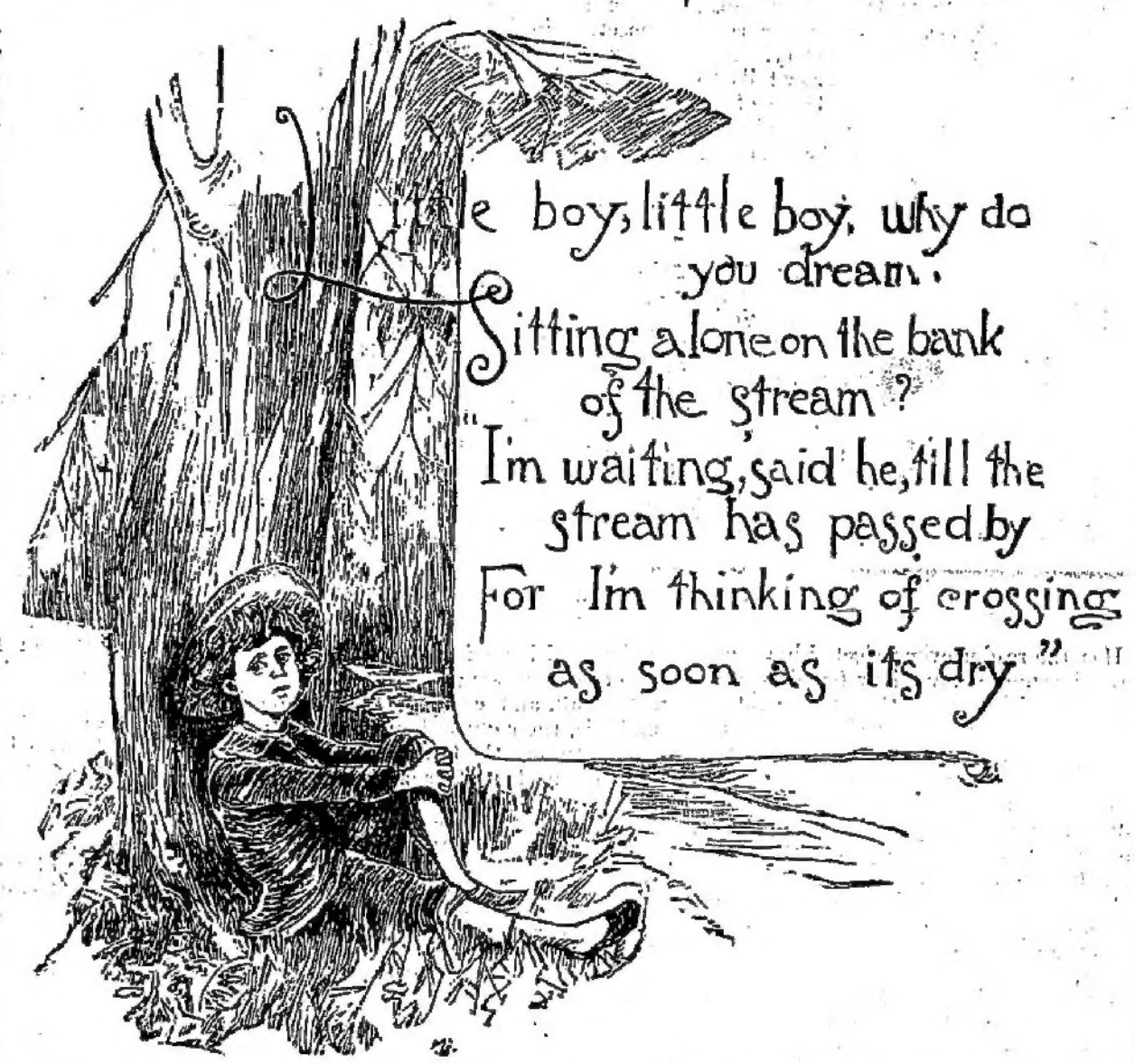
Another young lady who was listening said, "I also keep two purses and conscientiously put one-tenth of all I receive into the Lord's purse. It is not much, but I am glad to do it, and in consequence always have a little money ready for every good cause."

Ah, it is a good way: it is a right way. If you have not tried it, begin now and learn its blessedness by your own experience.—*Word and Work.*

Question Corner.—No. 18.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

51. By whom, and on what occasion was it said, "How long halt ye between two opinions?"
52. How many times was the Jordan divided so that men might walk over dryshod, and when?


Little boy, little boy, why do you dream?
Sitting alone on the bank of the stream?
"I'm waiting, said he, till the stream has passed by
For I'm thinking of crossing as soon as it's dry"

NEW CLUB RATES.

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6. A SILVER-PLATED BUTTER KNIFE.

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4. BEN HUR, by General Lew Wallace.
5. THE PEEP OF DAY.
6. MRS SOLOMON SMITH LOOKING ON.—By Pansy;
7. THE POCKET MEASURE.—By "Pansy
8. THREE PEOPLE.—By "Pansy;"
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